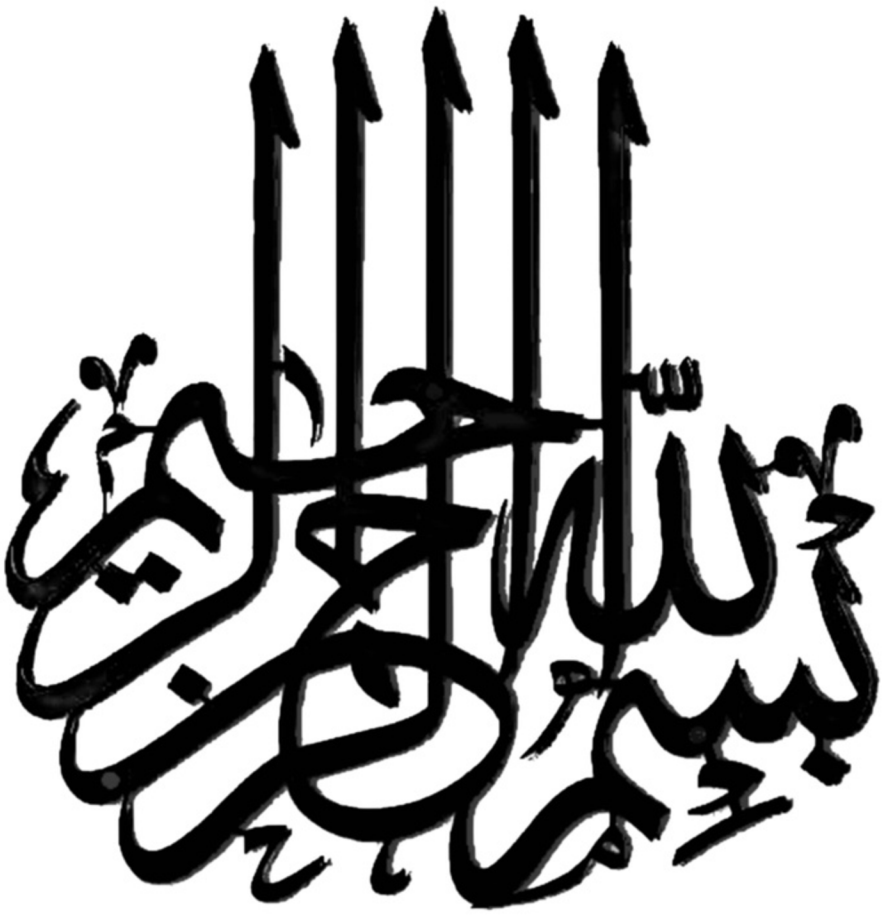
ربما

was it over then?
is it over now?

Faris Jax

Maybe this is not a poem, maybe
it's just my heart speaking to its Lord.



How distant I am from You, O Allah…
Yet how near You are to me.
You hear the whispers I don’t even say aloud.
You see the tears that don’t fall.

Still, I cannot meet You.
Still, I cannot see You.
But maybe… one day.
Maybe in Jannah.

Maybe I don't know how to please You,
But I know, You never left me alone.
Not once.
You stayed, when I didn’t even stay with myself.

I feel shattered when someone betrays me.
But I don’t feel ashamed when I betray You.
What kind of heart is this?

Maybe we humans are made weak,
But not all, maybe some.
Maybe it's a test…
Maybe it’s mercy disguised as pain.
Maybe it’s a path to return.
Maybe I’m just learning how to come home.

Maybe death is not death after all…
Maybe it’s a return to You.
A door, not an end.
A meeting long delayed,
But never forgotten.

They fear it,
But I wonder!

Could it be the beginning
Of the only peace I've ever longed for?

Maybe death is not to be feared,
But to be prepared for…
With hope, not terror.
With love, not dread.
Maybe it's You…
Calling me home.
But I fear…
What if my sins come between You and me?
Would You still talk to me?
Would You still look at me with mercy?
Or would You turn away…
Like I turned away from You?

I know You are the Most Forgiving.
But what if I never learned how to ask?
What if I arrive at the gate
And I don't know how to knock?

Still…
I hope.
Because You are the One who taught hearts to hope.
And if You call me,
Then maybe… just maybe…
You've already forgiven me.

Maybe…
When I finally meet You,
I'll cry! a lot.
Not out of sadness,
But because I've found the One I was always searching for.
Maybe I'll hold on

And never want to leave You again.

Maybe my soul will recognize You
The way the heart remembers what the mind forgets.
Maybe I'll fall into prostration
Without needing to be told.

But maybe…
The angels of Hell will come instead.
Maybe my sins will scream louder than my prayers.
Maybe I'll look for light
And only find regret.
Maybe I'll reach out
But the distance will be sealed.

Maybe I broke too many promises.
Maybe I postponed repentance one day too long.
Maybe I hid my guilt from the world,
But forgot that nothing hides from You.

Maybe…
I was always on the edge
And didn't even know it.

My life started with You…
And we're separated because of my sins.
Not because You left
But because I did.

Take me to the place
Where there is only Your love.
No fear. No distance. No disappointment.

Maybe it's just a dream?

Maybe I'll never meet You?
Maybe I'm not one of the chosen ones.
Maybe my cries won't be enough.

I'm scared.
Not of death
But of never being close to You again.
Of being forgotten
Because I forgot.

Maybe…
That's what hurts the most
Not what I've done,
But what I've lost.

Still,
A part of me hopes…
That mercy will find me
Even when I'm lost in shame.

There's a big line between You and me.
And I'm at the very end
The last number.
Everyone ahead shines with light.
Their books in their right hands,
Their heads held high.

But me…
I'm dragging my sins behind me,
Like chains that echo with every step.
My head is low.
My heart is heavy.

When will I meet You?
Will You wait for me?
Or will the gate close before I arrive?

Maybe…
They ran toward You,
And I only crawled.
Maybe I wasted too much time
Looking everywhere, except toward You.

But even now…
From the very last number,
I'm still in the line.
Still moving.
Still hoping

I once read…
What will you do, if they reach Allah before you?
And I had no answer.
Only silence.
Only a quiet ache in my chest.

Maybe…
I was never meant to meet You.
Maybe I was just meant to long for You
And break in the process.

How despair has burned me from the inside.
How the pain of separation
Is killing me slowly.
Not with screams,
But with silence.

Maybe this is what it means to be lost…

Not in the world
But far from the One
Who created me with love.

I ask my heart how it feels.
It stays silent
But somehow I hear it say:
You are the one who took me away from my Beloved.

Maybe I did.
Maybe I'm the reason for this distance.
Maybe I don't understand love…
Not the kind that stays
Even when the world walks away.

Maybe I confused love
With moments,
With words,
With emotions
But not with obedience.

Maybe love was sajdah in the dark.
Maybe love was lowering my gaze.
Maybe love was silence when I wanted to speak.
And I failed.
Again.
And again.

Will I ever stop sinning,
Or will I perish with these?
Will they wrap around me
As my final breath escapes?
O… what a regret.
What a waste of a heart

That once knew Your name.

Maybe I was too weak.
Maybe I kept falling,
And stopped trying to rise.
Maybe I got used to the dark.
Maybe I called it home.

But regret…
It sits in my chest
Like a stone that never moves.
Heavy.
Cold.
Constant.

And if this regret means anything
Let it be a door.
A cry.
A desperate reaching for You
Before it's too late.

I open Your Speech
And I try to find someone like me in there
Someone who failed,
Who fell,
Who ran away
And still found a way back.

But it's always fire
Where I fit the most.
Verses that feel like mirrors,
Reflecting everything I've done.
Warnings that sound like my name.
Punishments that feel like my future.

Maybe that’s why I close the Book sometimes…
Not because I don’t believe,
But because I’m scared of what I see.

Still!
I open it again.
Because maybe,
Somewhere between the flames,
There’s a line for me too.
A line that whispers,
He is the Most Forgiving, Most Merciful.

And I have always found
The verses that calm my heart.
Even when I thought I didn’t belong,
Even when I read through tears.

Because when I saw
How You invite the disbelievers to You
With patience,
With mercy,
With love that never gives up
I felt I still have a chance.

If they were called,
Despite denying You
Then what about me,
Who cries while believing?
Who sins, but still searches?
Who falls, but never stops turning back?

Maybe…
Just maybe…

You’re not finished with me yet.

Ijust walk alone now.
I've abandoned the world.
Ino longer desire it
The noise, the lights, the chase.
None of it pulls me anymore.

But in leaving it,
I fear I’ve lost myself too.
Stripped of purpose,
Stripped of dignity,
I’ve just made me into an animal.
Surviving, not living.
Breathing, not being.
Reacting, not remembering.

Maybe I thought detaching from the world Would bring me closer to You But I forgot to hold on to You While letting go of everything else.

And now…
I don’t know where I am.
Not in the world,
And not near You.
Just floating.
Just broken.

Maybe some people
Are just meant to be destroyed.
Maybe some souls, like mine
Were made to break.

Do You know I love You?
Or is that love too buried
Beneath my sins to be seen?
Are You upset with me?
Have I gone too far
To be forgiven?

There is a distance between You and me.
But where shall I go without You?
Who do I run to
If not the One who made me?

The truth is… I haven't abandoned the world. The world has abandoned me. I just make it seem Like I let go first. But You know. I can't hide anything from You. Not my sorrow, Not my fear, Not my love.

You know.
You always knew

The burning candle is beautiful.
But I feel like the wax
Melted, separated,
Left behind.

And the candle?
It stopped burning long ago.

Its light is gone.
Like mine.

But maybe… Just maybe…
I'll meet You. And You will call my name Not with anger, Not with rejection,
But with love.

And I'll run to You,
And I'll just hug You…
And never let go.

Because that's all I ever wanted.
Not Jannah.
Not reward.
Just You.

But where shall broken hearts go?
Not to people, they don't see the cracks.
Not to the world, it only steps on them.

Where shall the hearts go
That loved You,
But failed You?
That wanted You,
But got lost on the way?

Maybe…
They go back to the One who made them.
Maybe…
They bleed their last tears in sujood.

Maybe…
They are not rejected,
But rebuilt.

Because You are the One
Even broken hearts can still call home.

I’ve seen You as my Friend.
Talked to You in the dark.
Shared my fears,
My hopes,
My shame.

But sometimes I stop and wonder…
Can someone like me
Be the Friend of someone like You?
The Lord of Lords.
The King of kings.
The One who holds the heavens
While I can’t even hold myself together.

What arrogance it seems,
To think I could be close to You.
But what mercy it is,
That You never pushed me away.

Maybe…
You knew I’d come with nothing
But love and regret.
And maybe,
That was enough.

And yeah…
I’ve come with nothing.

Not a single good deed.
Only a heart that's broken,
And eyes that never stopped crying.

Will I meet You?
Maybe…
Maybe I'll continue this poem in Jannah.

And if I don't
Then know…
My sins have destroyed me.
But even then,
Know I loved You.
I truly did.

Where shall I go?
Who else is there but You?

If I could just once
Hear You speak to me…
Even if I were to burn forever after,
I'd die smiling.

I open the Qur'an to speak to You,
To feel You near.
But today, I only felt silence.
Not because You left…
But maybe because I did.

Still, I wait.
Still, I write.
Still, I whisper
Maybe… just maybe…
You're still listening.

…I will return to You, O Lord,
With nothing but the hope
Of seeing You.

And tell me…
Will the one who longs to see You
Burn?
Will the eyes that searched for You
Be cast away?
Will the heart that broke for You
Be forgotten?

I don’t know what waits for me.
But I know You.
And that’s enough.

I think I should stop writing.
Maybe I’ll see You…
No
I will.

Maybe I shouldn't say maybe anymore.
I should believe.
Because I read
Whoever longs to meet You,
You also long to meet him.

And that…
That was the relief my heart
Was searching for all along.

So I’m going
Far from this world,

Far from its noise,
Into a quiet place
Where I'll write about You.

The love story
Between You and me.
Not perfect.
Not clean.
But real.
And Yours.

Will You tell me how it is?
The poem I wrote for You?
Did it reach You?
Did You read my broken words
And see my heart behind them?

But…
How will I know that You responded?
I wait for a sign
But all I hear is silence.

Maybe someone else wrote You
A letter more beautiful than mine.
Maybe their love is louder.
Maybe their worship is cleaner.
And I…
I could hardly write.
I could hardly breathe.

Everyone is ahead of me.
Their lights shine like stars.
And I'm here
Behind.

Dragging my soul like a burden.

What happened to me?
Where did I lose You?
No…
I didn’t lose You.
I left You.

And that truth
Burns more than anything else.

The unanswered duʿās…
They whisper to me.
They say You’re upset.
That maybe You’ve turned away.
And deep down,
I fear they’re right.

Because I keep making You upset.
I ask with the same lips
That disobey You.
I raise the same hands
That never let go of sin.

And still
I ask.
Even when I think You’re silent,
Even when my chest is tight with shame,
I ask.

Because where else can I go?
Who else would even listen?
Even Your silence
Feels safer than the world’s reply.

Everything I have is Yours
Ya Allah,
My breath,
My voice,
Even this aching heart.

But it’s my sins
That destroyed me.
Not You.
You gave me light…
And I chose the dark.

Now all my dreams are broken.
Scattered like dust in the wind.
And You…
You are not with me.

Or maybe You are
And I just can’t feel You anymore.
Maybe I’ve built too many walls
With my own hands.
And now I’m trapped
On the other side of mercy.

Will someone ask me how it feels?
To carry all this sorrow,
To kneel with a thousand regrets?

Will I even be able to answer?
Or will silence
Be the only thing left in me?

O my fragile sins…

You looked small when I held you,
But you grew
You grew like shadows
Until they covered my light.

And now my body
One day it will be wrapped
In white shrouds,
But stained with the weight of what I've done.
A body washed…
But a soul still dirty.

Ya Allah…
When the grave will squeeze me,
When the darkness surrounds me,
And I scream
Not with my mouth,
But with my soul
And I call You…

Will You help me?
Will You come near?
Or will my sins stand
Between me and Your mercy?

I fear that they will. I fear that I've built A barrier with my own hands And now, beneath the earth, There's no one left to blame.

But still,
Even then,
I'll call You.

Because even if my sins bury me,
Only You can raise me.

And You know…
I will tell the angels about You.
I will say,
“How will He cast me into fire,
While my heart
This heart
Loved Him?”

But is it even love…?
If they ask me,
Will I have an answer?
Can love exist
Without action?
Without sacrifice?

I fear I’ll have nothing to say.
No proof.
No defense.
Just my head lowered,
My limbs trembling,
And a soul being dragged
To what it chose…
Even if it never truly wanted it.

But I know…
Muhammad ﷺ will take me to You.
He will intercede for me.
And You
You will listen to him.
I know You will.
Because You love him,

And he loves us.

But what if…
He also knows my sins?
What if my face brings him pain?
What if I disappointed him too?

I’ve heard even non-believers
See him in their dreams
And I haven’t.
Not once.

O…
How low I must be.
How distant I must have become.
What a soul I’ve wasted.

And still
I whisper his name
With trembling lips.
Because even if I’m unworthy…
He is mercy.
And You are more.

What if he ﷺ will say:
“What have you done?”
How will I answer?
What will I say? I won't.
I can't.

I’ll just stand there
Or maybe I won’t even stand.
Maybe I’ll fall,

Head bowed,
Heart shattered.

Because how do you answer
The one who cried for you in the night,
Who bled for you,
Who loved you before you even knew his name?

I will never answer him.
Because silence will speak louder
Than any excuse.

And maybe…
Just maybe…
Even in that silence,
He'll still ask for me.
And You will still accept me.

Because love, real love
Forgives
When we no longer know how to speak.

And then…
After the silence,
After the dragging,
After the shame,
After the fear that nearly drowned me…

A hand took mine.
A voice said,
"He is one of mine."

And You
You smiled at me.

Not with words,
But with mercy I never thought I'd deserve.

I cried again
Not from fear this time,
But because I made it.
I made it.

All the pain,
All the regret,
All the lonely nights of whispering Your name…
They led me here.

I reached Jannah.
Not because I earned it,
But because You forgave me.
Because You loved me,
Even when I didn’t know how to love You back.

And this…
This is the love story
Between You and me.

A letter to Allah from faris